

# BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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Editor

A Lexington Correspondent Writes About Beards.

The BLADE has received a copy of The National View, published in Washington City. It contains an article written by Mr. John Mc Murtry, of this city, on "The manner of wearing the beard as an indication of character." The main point in the argument is to demonstrate that the wearing of the "mustache alone" is an unfavorable indication of character.

Much has been said about the manner of wearing the hair and the beard in all ages, but I think no moral importance attaches to it, other than that to which Lord Chesterfield allude when he says of the dress that it should be such as not to attract attention. The beard is worn in so many shapes now that it can hardly be alleged of any one style that it makes a man conspicuous. In my early boyhood the wearing of beard was so uncommon that a certain man of this vicinity who wore a beard was looked upon as a curiosity, and even he would not have dared to wear a mustache, because of the popular sentiment against it. About the time the fashion of beard wearing was taking place, I suggested to a gentleman afterward President of Kentucky University, who was suffering from some bronchial trouble that he should wear beard. He declined to do so on the ground that it would make him conspicuous. He afterwards told me that the style of wearing beard was becoming so general as to remove his first objection, and afterward wore beard until his death.

There has always been an immense dogmatism on the subject. Tertullian, an early Church historian, said that "a man who cut off his beard lied to his own face and tried to improve upon a work that his God had made perfect," and quoted the Jewish ordinance against marring the corners of the beard, while the term "barbarian" was applied in contempt by Greek and Roman writers to the rude nations that wore beards.

The Nazirites, a Jewish sect, to which Sampson belonged, wore their hair and beard long, and yet St. Paul says that "nature teaches that it is a shame for a man to wear long hair." George Washington wore his hair plaited down his back, but would have scorned the idea of wearing any kind of beard, especially a mustache; while Mr. Cleveland shingles his hair and wears a "mustache alone." As a question of taste and morals, it is perfectly arbitrary; while as a question of health and comfort, men should wear their beards long in the winter, and cut them short with scissors for summer. As a question of neatness, any gentleman wearing a long mustache should carefully use his napkin at table.

Reflections on Congressman Rankin's Death.

Representative Rankin, lately died in Washington of a protracted illness which was known to his physicians and himself for a considerable time beforehand as necessarily fatal. His language, in anticipation of his death, was so remarkably cool and deliberate, that those who heard him thought he was joking, though he earnestly declared that he was not.

I do not know what his religious or philosophical opinions may have been, but it is highly probable that a man in his position intellectually, must have had some decided convictions regarding that most wonderful and interesting of all phenomena, death. It is strange how little this most interesting question is discussed in any secular journal. It may be said that as viewed from any secular standpoint it is shrouded in mystery, and it is; but investigation and free interchange of thought have penetrated and elucidated many things before thought inscrutable, and always with beneficial results; and I can see no good reason why men who take pleasure in probing into all kinds of abstrusities should stand silent in contemplation of death, as if they supposed it could be robbed of its supposed horrors by ignoring it. I think it probable that this field of thought is one cultivated with greater yield of human happiness than any other. There is no doubt that

the fear of death is ordinarily an alloy of human happiness, as it is contemplated remotely; that does not seem to be realized by the most of men when the event is evidently at hand. All men are entitled to their convictions upon this subject, and it is a bad policy to discourage free exchange of sentiment about it. The most that any man can say about it now, with the light now before us is, that he honestly believes certain things about it, and nobody but a dogmatist will claim to know about it. If it be true that the human mind is indestructible, and can survive the dissolution of the body, and that in some kind of an existence more similar than anything else that we know of, to that which we experience in our dreams, we may meet "beyond the river" and "know each other there," it certainly is a thought as well worthy of the animadversions of secular journalism as the dreams of poets and artists, about which all delight to express their appreciation.

Evidently there is something hidden and suppressed about this, and from some cause the press has been intimidated and "muzzled." Such a state of affairs is not wholesome, and adherents to the theory of immortality damage their arguments whenever they discourage free discussion of the subject.

If the idea be not true, no wise man will say we are justified in deluding ourselves about it, and if it be true, quasi argument against it will just as much establish its truth as that directly for it. This was the reasoning of Gamaliel, and an astute teacher of mathematics would congratulate himself upon the opportunity to instruct his class, if some bright boy should really believe, and undertake to prove, that the three angles of a triangle were not equivalent to two right angles.

If this be not true, and the investigation can be conceived as demonstrating the philosophy of the French revolutionists that "de la is an internal sleep," I must confess that I see nothing horrible in the idea. If a man does not now regret that he did not live a thousand years ago, I can not see why he should fear that he might not be living a thousand years in the future from now; since there is no reason to suppose that the annihilation of the future would be any more uncomfortable to him than that which he has already experienced in the past.

It is to this it be answered that a future annihilation involves a separation from friends and a sundering of cherished ties that were not involved in the past annihilation, it is rejoined that just such a sundering of all these relations occurs every time a man falls into a profound sleep, for then certainly there is no appreciation of difference between friend and foe; and yet sleep is a condition of existence which men court, and prize just in proportion as in its deepness and intensity it approaches death.

It seems philosophical that in neither of those views of death is there anything to warrant its dread. But there is a third alleged condition of existence after death, and that is the one of everlasting misery, known as hell. Of those who accept the theory of the immortality, the large majority profess to believe, and are reasonably supposed actually to believe, that the future existence is a state of happiness or in one of misery, is contingent upon certain things in life over which some allege that all men have control, while others allege that they have no control; or but partial control. Now either these things are true, or they are not true, and are propositions of more momentous import, by a thousand fold, than the discussions of politics and finance that fill the columns of our papers, and it is not the part of wise men to wait the advent of some Sam Jones season-list to tell as about them. I do not know about them, and desire all possible light concerning them, and think that I but utter a sentiment that is common among men, and yet rarely expressed because of some unfortunate embargo that has been laid upon free speech in that line.

To suppose that any man wants to deceive himself, or be deceived by others upon these points, is to suppose him the veriest fool in the world since no man is so stupid that he may have about them need at all restrain him in any course of conduct that he may prefer to pursue. If there be such a place as hell, it is of the greatest interest that we should know it, and determine how best to shun it, and it is the summit of folly to waste time and energy upon anything else until we are certain we have done all we can to avoid it after death, and if there is no such place, or men believe there is no such place, which is exactly the same so far as their duty with reference to the matter is con-

cerned, then they should speak plainly about it and raise from the human heart and mind as it now is a burden which is more terrible than all the other evils of life combined.

The most serious objection upon these subjects is, of course, and the world will have made an advance in the right direction, when just as matters of fact and human interest they are admitted into the scope of secular journalism.

"Stylus" Kindly Criticizes the Blade's View of Sam Jones.

To the Blade Publishing Co.:

Bro. Moore is so amiable in temper, so broad in sympathy and so pure in culture, that it is one of the crosses of life to take the shady side of his sunny, balmy, but sometime romantic wisdom.

One "Sam Jones" as viewed by Lexington people in the last issue of the BLUE-GRASS BLADE I have a few words to say.

That Mr. Jones is a wide departure from the culture of Dr. Bartlett, the scholarship of McGarvey and the clearness and pathos of Taylor, preachers of Lexington, is a settled point in my mind. I am willing to add Bro. Moore's other named ministers and my agreed so far, yet Sam Jones' little book of sermons, that perhaps Bro. Moore has not read, divested as it is of the rude "coarseness" and unbecoming mirth of his platform efforts, is radiant, at times, and expressive of an inward cheerfulness of life and soul.

Bro. Moore and myself having studied Christian ethics under the grandest master of the nineteenth century, I think we will agree on one more point. It is this; that it is not what either of us think of Sam Jones' vital godliness that makes him an acceptable laborer in the vineyard, but what God, looking into his heart, knows of him.

Now for our point of disagreement. This point I put with the profoundest respect mingled with regret. Sam Jones speaks imprudently; Bro. Moore sits down and writes deliberately. The schoolmen have ever pleaded for mercy for the one, but have acted as censors of the other. The one is controlled by degree of emotion, the other acts forth executive volition.

If therefore, the writer sitting calmly at his desk has as much strong phrases, inelegances, provincialisms, barbarisms and vulgarisms to the line in his executive volition as the impromptu speaker in the degree of emotion, then the literary world says to the calm cavalier, Peace be still.

Sam Jones is evidently not a specialist in psephic, dogmatic or even didactic theology, but when he comes to the little simple questions of "what shall I do to be saved," "what shall I profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," he talks very much like the Master. Brother Moore is not afraid of spiritual wickedness in high or low places. Praise the Lord for that much in Lexington journalism. Stick to that Brother Moore, and if we take a few simple liberties ourselves we will keep the other small fry off of you while you wool social views in conversative places, because they are less excusable there than in the den. Milton is grander in his contempt for Charles Stuart and his court, than in "Paradise Lost" or "Regained." STYLUS.

The Bill Against Base Ball On Sunday.

Hon. John W. Ogilvie of the Kentucky State Senate has lately introduced a bill making it an offense against the Commonwealth to play base ball on Sunday.

A criticism of any state law is certainly within the province of secular journalism, and can not therefore be inconsiderate in any paper that has specially announced that religious discussion is no part of its purpose. It seems to me that a law of this nature is more nearly allied in spirit to the "Blue Laws of Connecticut" than the general legislature of this day. The right to prohibit base ball on Sunday implies the right similarly to prohibit "town ball" or "corner ball;" their prohibition in turn implying the right to prohibit marbles and kite flying on Sunday, and so on by the most logical sequence, until any playing on Sunday, can be made an offense against the Commonwealth. Musical performances have always been classed as "playing," and playing on the violin, piano, hand organ or church organ, would naturally come under the provisions of such a statute, and be subject to fine. Any principle in law or ethics which is sound *ab initio*, can never be made to suffer in its most remote logical ramifications, by the logical principle known as *reductio ad absurdum*, which we have just seen can be applied to Senator Ogilvie's bill with damaging results.

The common law recognizes no men outside of any social or legal organization possess some rights which they have to themselves, in order to enjoy the benefits of civil government. Man is a state of nature is presumed to have a right to the beasts of the field and the fruits of the earth just as he can acquire them. In civil government his rights to these are limited by the rights of other men in them also. The only natural rights therefore which a man forfeits as a necessary compensation for his civil rights, are those which conflict with the rights of others. A man may not steal because such stealing implies a corresponding damage to the rights of some other man, and the same is true of all acts that are justly prohibited by the civil law. But a man under any just legislation can play any game upon any day, that does not conflict with the rights of any citizen. Matters which are purely question of private conscience do not come within the purview of civil law, and the man who appeals to the law to make another man conform to his views in a mere question of conscience, manifests a spirit of tyranny that should be rebuked by legislative body.

Cases of this kind are only legitimately the subjects of moral suasion; and the state justly and properly protects churches and other institutions that propose to use this influence, against any possible violence of such as may propose to interfere with these rights. This I think is a fair abstract of the argument from a secular stand point.

It remains now to be seen if there is any more substantial basis for the Senator's bill, to be found in the principles of the Christian religion, even should we grant that it is right to enforce religion by law.

Regarding the observance of a Sabbath as a Christian institution, there are some very interesting facts, with which it has seemed to me that Christian people are surprisingly unfamiliar, and which is explained by the fact that there is such unanimity of sentiment about it, that the scriptural teachings upon the subject have never been much discussed.

It is a significant fact that in the New Testament which claims to be "thoroughly furnished" requisite information regarding the duties of Christians, there is not a single line from Jesus or any New Testament writer that enjoins the observance of any Sabbath, Jewish or Christian, or that sets apart any day upon which Christians are to refrain from any labor or play, that they may properly observe any other day. If we suppose that so prominent a religious ordinance as it now is, was an ordinance of the religion taught by Jesus and his immediate followers, and while either accidentally or purposefully omitted from their written teachings, was nevertheless tacitly understood among them as a religious ordinance, then it becomes equally as strange that in a book which is supposed to rebuke all the varieties of sin known at that day, in no single instance does it rebuke anybody for the violation of the Sabbath.

Jesus is represented as having instituted a ceremony which consisted in eating bread and drinking wine, and which was instituted "in memory of him, or to perpetuate his memory."

His disciples are represented as having subsequently observed the memorial service or institution "upon the first day of the week," and that statement is the only allusion in the New Testament to any fact thus characterized that day. That they abstained from any play or labor on that day, that they would not have indulged in upon any other day, appears to be an assumption purely gratuitous.

It is a significant fact that the Jews continually charged him with disregarding the Sabbath, while they never charge him with the violation of any other precept in the decalogue, and that in his replies to them, he never asserted his purpose to observe it, but said instead "The Sabbath is made for man and not man for the Sabbath," that his religion was a "new wine in new bottles," and not a new patch upon an old garment, that his religion "cometh not with observation," that the "kingdom of heaven was within you," and that his ordinances were not such as his followers should "appear unto men," to do, but were to be done in secret and not letting the left hand know what the right hand did.

When men fasted they wore to take pains to wash their faces and anoint their heads, or comb and brush them as we would say at this day, and set just as they ordinarily did so that their pious purposes would not be remarked. All such secretiveness and heart privacy as this, were perfectly inconsistent with that public demonstration which necessarily accompanied the observance of the Sabbath.

On one occasion a man is represented as having come to him, asking of him, "Good Master what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life," and Jesus repeats to him the moral precepts of the decalogue, and all three of the evangelists that allude to it represent him as having omitted the ordinance enjoining the observance of the Sabbath.

In the right of all these facts, can any kind of a Sabbath be a Christian institution, and viewed from any standpoint, secular or ecclesiastical can

Senator Ogilvie make a law in Kentucky that would punish a boy that studies or labors at some sedentary pursuit through the week because he goes to the woods and plays base ball on Sunday?

The Devil Among The Types.

I did not get to read my own paper of last week as I had gone to my home in the country.

You would not suppose an editor would take any interest in reading his own paper, but he does. Sometimes it is news to him. In the transit of his pen from pencil to printer's ink, the types sometimes play the fool, and he occasionally finds a sentiment, the paternity of which the public naturally laid at his door, when really to him it is an indignant fondling, for whose coming into the world he is no more responsible than the veriest Joseph that ever lived.

An instance under each of these heads occurred in my paper last week and they have mortified me.

The items alluded to are accidental, and one of them, so far from having been intended as unkindness, is meant for a kindness by some one in the mechanical department of this paper.

In one instance a prominent business firm in this city has given to the paper for an advertisement, a local notice which says "We must have our money," and states that accounts against persons who owe and do not pay, will be put into the hands of a collector, etc.; all of which was entirely correct for the firm for whom the advertisement was intended, but the same of the advertising firm has by accident been put below another paragraph, and the BLADE itself is made to appear as proposing to collect money by civil process, when the fact is, that the fledgling has not yet gotten the "pin feathers" off of it, and could certainly not have had anything else to long enough to justify the most modest hint in that connection, if indeed, it be granted that such a hint from a newspaper, in its own behalf, can ever be exactly *comme il faut*.

Another item says, "The readers of the BLADE will find out they are getting the worth of their money on receiving this issue. I will send you the paper for one year for \$1."

Before I would write that paragraph in my paper, I would take the BLADE and hang it upon one limb of a tree, and then hang myself on another limb.

In the hurry of "making up the forms," some one has just "set up" those fellows in order to make a column "come out even" at the bottom of "justify" it, in printers' parlance. It is my "Cyclopaen bug it," as the *Frankfort Yeoman* calls it, and the printer or foreman who did it, doubtless did it meaning all kindness, and it would be all right perhaps if this were understood, but is wretched taste as coming from a proprietor or the editor of a paper.

This little accident however has been a good thing for me. It has elevated the whole journalistic fraternity in my estimation, by showing that for years I have been laboring under a delusion that was damaging to them.

I have frequently read in papers notices of their great circulation, and the enthusiasm with which those papers were being received by the world at large, and the great increasing and clamorous demand for that paper that made it appear that there was danger of a mob doing violence to the editor and damage to his printing establishment, because, with every resource called into requisition, he could not print papers fast enough and in sufficient numbers, to satisfy the popular demand. I had always, until this little incident in my own experience, thought these things were written by the editors themselves, and have wondered how in the same paper those editors could predicate "check" as anything peculiar to a book agent or a government nautic. But since I see that these notices are merely put in by printers to fill out columns that would otherwise be too short, the explanation is gratifyingly satisfactory, and an unpleasant little imputation has been removed from the otherwise fair record of journalistic crayon drivers.

The *Lebanon Standard and Times* asks that all the people of the state shall publish that the "Executive Committee of the International Editorial Association of America, have fixed the place of the next meeting at Cincinnati on Feb. 23, 24 and 25, 1886," and adds, "It is proposed at the close of the meeting to make an excursion to Washington City."

A number of questions are proposed for discussion at that meeting. I propose to give my editorial railroad pass as a bribe on that occasion, and I am going to introduce a resolution that shall express the earnest and universal protest of Kentucky editors against the habit among foremen and pressmen in printing offices, of filling up the otherwise unoccupied space in newspapers by putting in puff of their papers, so as to leave

the impression that they are made by their editors, and then lay their employers liable to criticism as lacking in modesty. To supply this demand of the foreman I will recommend that a large collection of stereotyped patent medicine advertisements shall be kept constantly on hand, with a collection of short and pithy citations that seem so naturally and appropriately to accompany patent medicine advertisements.

Stuck on Cratory.

Ever since a Chamber of Commerce reporter complimented my speech on fences, I have indulged in dreams of fame in the line of oratory. I propose to go to the meeting of the International Editorial Association at Cincinnati on February 23, 24 and 25, and to that body make some extemporaneous remarks, which I shall work on from now until then.

I am going to take that Chamber of Commerce reporter along with me on my editorial pass, pay for his sojourn at Cincinnati hash factory with an "ad," and require that he shall state that Cincinnati has never heard anything like my remarks since Col. Ingersoll nominated Mr. Blaine. At that meeting it is devoutly to be hoped that some simple plans for elevating the standard of journalism will be suggested. There are several things which are thoroughly feasible, upon which action might be taken, and which could be put into practice with results most salutary to the public, and dignifying and ennobling to the editorial fraternity.

Regarding the mere reading of a newspaper, the man who takes it for that purpose does not care if he is the only subscriber in the world that its editor has. But to the person in search of an advertising medium, the circulation of a newspaper is a matter of business, and one under which editors now have large opportunity, immunity and impunity for getting money under false pretenses. A business man in search of information to which he is justly entitled, might just as well ask a lawyer, or physician, if he understands his profession, or ask a clergyman if he preaches for the glory of God or for a salary, as to ask an editor what his circulation is.

The Association should recommend that state statutes require the editors or papers, quarterly or semi-annually, to state under oath to the clerks of their respective counties the average circulation of their papers for the past three, or six months, as the case may be, just as banks are required to make reports of their condition.

This Association should also recommend to states the enactment of statutes that would require editors to give such bonds as would restrain them from such inaccurate publications as are liable to damage innocent parties, as for instance the recent publication by the *Louisville Times* that "State Geologist Proctor had shipped with all the State funds in his possession."

A law, whether statutory or conventional merely, I know not, which this Association should repudiate as unjust, and *ex parte*, is that which is periodically and chronically published by the rural editor, which requires that a man shall be required to pay for a paper which he may take out of the office and which is sent to him without his order or consent.

The enactment of good laws on these subjects would tend to elevate the worthy, and depress unworthy publications, and should therefore be advocated by all papers that claim to be high toned.

Concerning Judge Richard Reid.

The BLADE published last week a defence of the non-resistant conduct of Judge Reid, as suggested by an imputation of the *Louisville Times*, and it is a coincidence of interest to its editor that before a copy of the paper could have reached the home of Mrs. Reid, he is in receipt of the following letter and printed extract, the former of which he presumes upon her recognized intimacy with her martyred husband to publish.

MR. STERLING, KY., Jan 26, '86.

MR. MOORE.—I enclose you the price of subscription to your paper which is so very small I feel it is not worthy of your paper. I take also from the *Courier Journal* of yesterday a notice, copied from the *Christian Standard*, of the life of your friend, that I know will afford you pleasure to copy into your paper in good type. And when the book comes out I hope you will not find it unworthy of your own contribution therein, and that you will feel I have used it so as to honor both yourself and Judge Reid. It will be one of my highest gratifications if the book proves a success, that Judge Reid's friends are immortalized along with him, and if I am to credit all that is said of the book, it is to be a success. We hope soon to have out a circular notice.

If you will ask some of our ministers at Lexington, they will give you two other *Standards* containing notices, one of this week January 30, and one of about the first of Decem-

ber, I believe. The three notices are brief, and logically follow each other. I shall gratefully and truly yours Elizabeth J. Reid.

The *Courier Journal* of Jan. 27, under the head "Life of Judge Richard Reid," says: We copy from the *Christian Standard* the following mention of a life of the late Judge Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, which is now in course of publication and will soon be issued.

The farther we progress on this truly remarkable biography the more fascinated we become with the wonderful richness of the materials and the elevation of character in the man.

It is not the product of a single mind, bent on the partial fabrication, of a personal hero, but a cloud of testimony rising from as many sources as the mists, and apparently as spontaneously. Yet while emanating from so many minds, widely separated in all else, there is such a unanimity of sentiment and attestation that each new voice merely swells the volume without the introduction of a single discordant note.

Almost every page introduces some new witness who, in his individual way, illustrates some point in life or character, but in harmony with who have gone before him.

It is more charming than a romance in its wealth of experience and vicissitudes of happiness and affliction. A wonderful likeness to the lamented Garfield—both in the remarkable freedom from malignity in his nature and in his positive faith and goodness and rich personal gift—grows on us as his life unfolds from the sensitive, suffering child to the great-hearted man and martyr."

It is one of the great good fortunes of my life to have known Judge Reid, with an intimacy hardly less than that of a brother. We were room mates in our early careers of life, soon after he had set out upon the career at the bar which gained him such eminent and glorious distinction. He was eminently open and confiding in his nature, and such questions of moral and religious philosophy as were involved and practically demonstrated in the manner of his death, as the death of no man known to the annals of Kentucky, were so thoroughly understood by me as being part and parcel of his life based upon convictions of right, that had he resented the blows unjustly inflicted upon him, it would have astonished others that he did not.

He was a man of immense thinking capacity and of continued forethought, and so great was his aspiration to live a life grand and glorious in the highest import of those words that it is impossible that the treatment which caused his death could have been a contingency about which he had never thought and under which his long predetermined course had not been plainly and unwaveringly marked out.

I regard the death of my friend Judge Reid, as an instance of heroic submission to the dictates of conscience, that has rarely, if ever, had its counterpart in the history of this country. In his whole life he was a mighty man of valor, but like M'neesh's son was stronger in his death than in his life.

When the world gets wiser, men like these,

"Not like Cæsar stained with blood but like great as they are good," will be those to whose memory nations and states will build monuments.

No meaningless marble shaft, "no storied urn nor animated bust," chiseled and piled by the hands of his countrymen could truly mark his resting place, no column so high as to catch the first rays of the orient sun and hold them when they had left all else to follow to his sitting, could harmonize with the grand but lowly life of that man; but if the state of Kentucky wants to honor herself by honoring him, she can perpetuate the moral of his life by building at the town where he fell, or where he presided at the bar, or in this city, a memorial building which shall be baptized with his name and consecrated to some fitting and deserving charity.

The Blue Wing was in Danger.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 4.—The steamer Ohio started down over the falls this afternoon for New Orleans, when she was caught by the heavy wind and ice and driven into the shore against the little Blue Wing. There was much excitement among the passengers, but as the damage was not great the Ohio proceeded on her trip.

A Costly Fire.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.—The residence of Jas. D. Caton, on North Bluff at Ottawa, Ill., caught fire last night and was burnt to the ground. It was a complete library of Audubon's works, which he valued at \$1,500. Loss \$10,000; insurance \$9,000.

Fifty and Twenty-four.

The case against Wm. Lister, policeman, charged with assaulting Frank May at the polls in the First Ward in the Legislative primary, was tried yesterday in Circuit Court. Lister was fined fifty dollars and given twenty-four hours in jail.